

ADVANCE THE DESIRED DEEL suller, spread your fleery sails, i steer for the open sea; a never a hoar this day affoat told na he 'Eurnble Bee!' Marjory, fair Marjory, told laughting at my side, due eyes bright for pure delight over the waves we gilde!

entior, hotel the splenaker,
if every silloh of sail,
with a sone we'll fly along,
it kies above the rail;
Slarjody, fair Mariory,
is any was wed to me,
to no draw of a chaperone
thought the "Eumble Reel"

Arthur Grissom.

They Sang.

They Sang,
former Maine minister, now settled
e West, tells a seed story of his exsee with a cloor who had frequent
vis. Tope Salbath they informed
ast they would not sing a note until
ier —, one of their number left
hor, I gave out as the opening

Who never knew our God, ht children of the heavenly King Will speak their joys abroad. They same and I was never again abled."—Philadelphia, Press.

Cracity.

Cracity,
dear," soble I Mrs. Humimure,
we it would come to this, but I
expect it so soon."
your husband been mistreating
asked her visitor sciennily.
," she sobled. "He rays I want
a way all the time."
wee't he let-you have it?"
its the worst of it. He says that
in't care if I have my own w-ay
time; b-but that I won't make
mind wh-what it is."—Washingar.

You'l Play at the County Fair.



Farmer Grasstower-Til bat young his five reads that my Fanora retakes the premium ever your game, Ed. (the sport)-Til go you.



2. Ed. (the sport)—But I'll have to let my game interview the leghern first.



3. That's enough, my boy.



BELFORD AND THE MINT JUDGE.

BELFORD AND THE MINT JUDGE.

Secretary Herbert, like a true Southerner, is a fond admirer of the mint julep. "The greatest triumph of the juep I ever heard of," he said one night at a dinner table, (was some years ago when we had a Congressional excursion to the battle-fields around Fredericks-burg. Thirty or forty Schators and members of the House went down by special train, and among us was Jim Belford, the red-headed Representative from Colorado. You all remember Jim; as good a fellow as ever lived and with but one fault. On the way dow, Jim drank nothing but straight whisky. "Its the only drink for a genileman," he lecared 'none of your juleps or smasses or Rickers for me." At Fredericksburg the citizens showed us what Southern hospitality is. They had everything for our entertainment, including a gilt-edged econoction of mint julep. Some one induced Jim to try one, and when we went out to the battle-field he was . missed, Some one explained that he was back in Fredericksburg drinking juleps. Sure enough, that is what we found him at when we returned to town. Then he spent three or four days looking over the ground on which had been fought the battles of the Wilderness. But Jim was not with us. He was back in Fredericksburg drinking julep.

"When the train started for Wahington we missed helford again," continued the Secretary "and the explanation was the same. A week later a man came up from Fredericksburg with a report that Jim was still there, and there were a few juleps left. Another week passed, and one day we saw a red-headed man come in the main door of the hall of the House. He was travel-stained and dusty. In his hand he had a small grip which he passed over to a page. Without locking to the right or left, or panising to notice what was going on, he marched straight down the centre nisle to the open space in front of the Speaker's desk. It was ilm Belford. His hair, grown long, was faming about his head, and there was fire in his eye. Interruption the proceedings, he held proudly aloft a piece of p

His Busy Day.



1. Good-bye, darling. This is my busy

She - "Well, if I can't live on my in-come and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marry-ing" He (thoughtfully) - "Well, by put-ting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate," - Har-

"Yes, I see you're a new woman, Eve," said Adam, "but Fil take the risk. You haven't any past,"—Chicago Tribune.

. Want Him as He's Always Been,

He is, you say? Well, what of that? He isnt talking Through his hat.

If he had nev-Er talked, how could Our Chauncey have Been understood?

If he had hev-Er talked, there would Be in the world That much less good. If he had nov-Er talked, what might Have been mankind Without this night?

If he had nev-Er talked, the earth Would find that it Was short on mirth.

If he had nev-Er talked, it would Have made our din-ners solitude.

If he had nev-Er talked, Go to! He'd not have been Our "Peach" Depew.

Then let him talk:
Don't stop his chin.
We want him as
He's always been.
—New York Sun.

cambric necktle, and there was pomatum on his somewhat long curly hair, it was about it in the morning.

"Then you will go out?" said she, with trembling lips.

"Yes."

"And leave me all alone?"

"Oh, I must go out a while, you know."

"You leave me here, and we have been married only six days?"

"Why, goodness, Dora," said the desperate youth; "the Alanighty himself rested on the seventh day."—New York Morning Journal.

The claim is envious of the system's popularity. Even a claim can display emotion.



Bell-What do you intend studying at college this year? Nell-Oh, base-ball, bicycling, goif, foot-ball, and possibly billiards. Why?

The baseball fever is at low ebb.

A Guest of Honor.

An English actor was a member of a company snowbound in the Sierras white en route from California to the East. Refere their train was pulled out of the drifts they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers, and get little enough even of that; so that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurnt, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table.

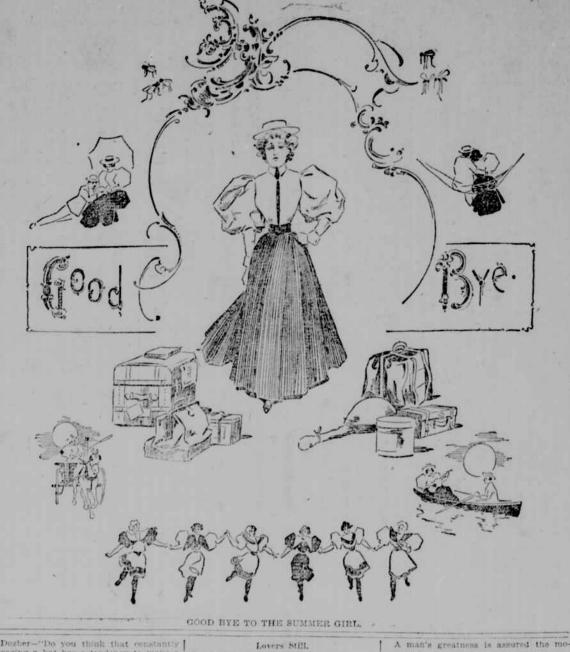
"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to tne landlord, a burly Western man, "a porter house steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, pienty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass bitter been."

The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the near apartment.

"Say, Bill! tell the band to play 'Ruie, Britannia.' The Prince of Wales has come."—Judge.

The Summer Girl's Valedictory.

It was her last day at the scashore. All summer she had held sway over the learned see had held sway over the learnes of the young men who had come down by the sea to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a victim to appear to conquer, only to fall a v



As well as days of May.

2. 11111 A Cheeky Little Lamb.

Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known clergy-man, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock, in a recent talk to his Sundry school, he arged the children to speak to him when-

ever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, smoking a cigarette, and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"Hule, Doctor."

The clergyman stopped, and cordially involved.

"The new woman," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "Is a good imitation of a poor species of man."

Always tired-the bicycle.

Dezher—"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man baid?" Jazin—"No; but when a man is baid Eve noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat."—Roxbury Gazette.

Johnny—"I'm four feet six inches tall and weigh minety-seven pounds." Will Her cheeks their rosy glow; They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed on lawn and lea, Oft did the daises blow.



2. Hey there, conductor!

He Followed the Precedent.

I went to the Ebbitt House two or three days ago to call upon an old acquaintance that had stopped there on her way through town. As I pasced the reception room on the ground floor I noticed a couple of extremely young people. She was draped in lavender, and had evidently been weeping. He wore a black frock coat, and a white cambric necktie, and there was pomatum on his somewhat long carry hair, it.

ment his autograph begins to command a price.-Chicago Post.

The Lady "Specialist."

The Lady "Specialist."

A well-known physician, who a few months ago was thrown from his carriage by his horse taking fright at a bieycle on Seventh avenue, and who had his head basily hart. As driving on Jeroma avenue a few days ago. He was suddenly taken with violent pains in the head, as had intermittently been the case ever since he was injured. He stopped at Judge Smith's old place to see if he could not do anything that would afford relief. Since they were wed on lawn and lea,
Oft did the daisles blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go.
Oft were the forest branches bare,
And oft in gold arrayed;
Oft did the Illies seent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

relef. As he was debating with his lady com-panion as to what he had better ds. a well-dressed woman with a gripsack en-tered the parlor and took in the situa-tion at a glance, for it was plainly evi-lent that the physician was suffering They've had their share of hopes and

Their share of bliss and bale
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale.
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours
As well as days of May. is the pain mostly in the back of your head" asked the woman.
"Oh, it's all over my head," groaned the physician.
"Let me feel your pulse. Exactly. Caused by a nervous state, brought on by shock. Your tongue. I thought so. Corroborates my diagnosis." "Are you a physician?" the sufferer asks.

The firm and true through weal and wee,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been.
Tenether hand and hand they pass
Serencly down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.
—Ctiambers' Journal.

"Are you a physician?" the sufferer asis. "Not in its general sense. I am a specialist in reurantienia. Use Ettle besides animal magnetism. Don't believe in drugs for it. You are skeptical, of course, but I'll agree to cure you in ten minutes or forfeit \$100."

"I'll give you \$10 if you cure me in an hour," grouned the despairing sufferer. The woman mad 2 the physician recline in a recker and close his even. Then she began to rub his face and hands, making a motion as if shaking off something from her fingers after each pass. Strangely enough, in less than five ninutes the sufferer began to feel easier, and in five minutes more the pain had entirely disappeared. The physic an forthwith offered the woman a \$10 bill, but she refused it, saving that she simply wanted to prove the efficacy of her theory.

He felt for it, and then exclaimed:
"Hobbed by Jove"
The "specialist" had got a diamond pin worth \$10, a \$1,600 bill, two \$20 notes, and a railroad pass to Niagara.—New York Morning Journal.



4. All aboard!

De Tanque-"They tell me old Soak is going into a decline." Swiller-"Con-sumption?" De Tanque-"I don't know, but he declined a drink to-day."

To Stand The Fire.



The Bitter One—"I tell you a man changes his mind about his friends and enemies." "How so, old man?" "His enemies stop hitting him when he's down, but it's then his friends begin."—Life. "How did you find your uncle, Johany?"
"In apple-pie order," "How's that?"
"Crusty."—Tid-Bits.

· A Grateful Girl.

What wonder that Howard Husleton was proud and happy. Hai he not won the heart and hand of the fairest and lovellest guil in the whole towa?

Harold could scarcely believe in his good luck. And as he sat by her side and watched the evening star glimmering faintly above the orange flush which marked where the sur had sank behind the hills he folt moved to ask her the fourteenth question of the lover's catechism, I. c. "How had it happened that she had chosen him put of all the men in the wide circle of asymmitances to be responsible for her future nappin sat." "Surely she must have known better fellows than he was," he urged; "richer and handsomer and more arbitette. Why had she chosen him?" "Oh, Harold, you masn't be too mod st." repliedAda, as she gently pushed back the hair from his forehead. "You have a great many traits which none of my other friends possess. You are so thoughtful of my welfare, so tender and considerate, so obedient to my slightest which first won me to you, and I have never regretted it; for, Harold, you are simply an biend lover." "Oh, ny durling, you don't know how glad I am to hear you say so," he exclaimed as he tenderly, drow her neaver to him and kissed hor tenderly. "Yes, dear, and some day you must let me meet her and hank her for making you what you are," continued Ada. "Yes when? "My mother?" asked Harold.

"No, Harold, you mother?" asked Harold.
"No, Harold, not your mother," she said sweetly; "I want to thank the girl who broke you in!"—Boston Traveler.

The Reigning Craze.

NO END OF TROUBLE.



B'rer Johnsing-Whah am dem kyarpet-beatin' sticks ob mine? His Wife-I ain't quite shuah, but I t'ink May Jane done took 'em to play golf wid.

A Good Idea.

In one of the leading journals of Montevideo the following advertisement appeared recently:

"A very rich young woman would like to marry a young man of good family. If necessary, she will pay the debts of her future husband Send answer, with photograph, to I. P., at the office of the journal."

The inserter of this announcement was no other than M. Isaac M.—, merchant tailor, who had just set up an establishing ment in Montevideo. By this neans he obtained photographs of many und sirable customers.—Paris Le Soleil.

Damaging in leed.

"Damaging testimony."

"Damaging testimony."

"Damaging testimony."

The young thing, who had just been young thing, who had just been the young thing, who had just been the young thing, who had just been granted a divorce sightd."

"Damaging testimony."

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"Damaging testimony."

The young thing, who had just been granted.

"Damaging testimony."

The young thing, who had just been granted.

"Damaging testimony." amount of cross-examination could shake him."

In a transport of despair, she aban-doned herself to the contemplation of her cheerless, lonely future.—Detroit Tribuna. Tribune.

History Repeats Itself.

Gaswell-"What picture is that?"
Dukane-"That is "Venus Riston From
the Sea."
"Some society woman, I suppose."
"Society woman, nothing, flave you
never heard of the duty of the ancient
Greeke?" "You are sure that she belonged to

"You are sure that she belonged to the ancient Greeks, are you?"
"Yes; why?"
"Just this: A great deal of fuss is made about the smallness of the mod-ern bathing-suit, and it is some satisfac-tion to know that they were just as small many years ago as they are now."
—Pittsburg Chronicie-Telegraph "This a change for the better," remark-

ed Wigwag as the cashier gave him elev-en tens for a \$100 bill. Has its ups and downs-the thermom-

5. Can't weit for the elevator.

"What's the matter, William?" said the wealthy householder. "Anything gone wrong."
"Not exactly gone wrong, sir, but I want a new understanding."
"What about?"
"My pay, sir,"
"Why you get very good wages for a cook."

"Why you get very good wages for a cook,"
"Yes, sir, they does very well for a cook, sir. But I overheard you when you were talking to your friends, sir. You called me your chaf."
"Well, you ought to be complimented."
"Yes, sir. I'm complimented. But business I, business, I cant be a chef for less than \$3,000 a year. Wages is all right for a cook, but a chef's got to have a salary."—Washington Star.

Nell-"Do you like buttermik?" Belle"No, I never could bear goats."
Strong drink keeps some people down in the world, and helps ether people to get a head.



Has the staw hat returned to stay? Few men write jokes just for the fun of the thing. Gayety is often the reckless ripple over despair,—Chapin,
No, Maude, dear, a cash boy is very
seldom a moreyed youth.
The expression "pink of propriety"
doesn't extend to the nese.

"STOCK FIRM."

A Dreadful New Little Animal.

doesn't extend to the mese.

A breadful New Little Animal.

"A is not an article," remarked a child the other day to her mother, who was helping her with her school lesson. "Fanoy your not knowing that it's a distinguished adjective!" We asked a small schoolgiri the other day if she learned astronomy, "Astronomy, Of course not! That's an infant's subject," she answered, with great contempt. "Have you read Pope's 'Essay on Alan?" we inquired lately of a girl of thirteen. "Pope' Why, nobody thinks anything of him nowadays," she replad. "Do you know Milton's Paradiss Lest?" "Oh we got be yend that long ago,"
The worst of childish dictum of this sort is that you feel yourself so absolutely quenched. There is no getting any forther in the argument, for no pigheadedness equals the pigheadsdness of the very young person—in fact, of the New Child. And then—he—or she—is nover amuse, with the simple sames that used to deaght us. Modern children are willing to play, if only to please their ellers; but they are mildly and politoly boared. They are boared with most things. They have twenty pisture books where we had one—none of your garish, cruda filmstrations, but aesthetic designs; and yet they don't seem to care about them.

There is a good story of heav an old gentieman, with much toil and trouble, manufactured a large kite for his small grandson. He and another old friend, with the boy, went out to fly the kite. The two did men were decoly engrossed, but the grandson got so bored that he quietly absented bimself; and nifter some time the two old fogles found, to their disguet, that they had been larking about all alone with a kite, much to the amusement of the pagesraby.

And another story—of a little girl of eight, who said to her mother (an authorses): "On mumsey, why not call your new book "the Red of Love?"—dees not ring qu'te plezsantly. Ah- there is something turnble uneahldish about the New Child!—Goed Words.

Child!-Good Words.



6. Hello! Hello! Central, what's the